The Seed Sower.

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Hymn of Penitence.

Holy Lord, before whose eyes
Every heart discovered lies,
Known beneath its last disguise.

Thou our every deed hast seen,
Thou behold'st the gulf between
What we are and might have been.

We have wandered far astray,
We have given our wills away,
O reclaim them, Lord, we pray.

How may we look up to Thee,
How may any union be
'Twixt us and Thy Purity?

Lord, the way to Thee is won
And Thy will on earth is done
In the Spirit of Thy Son.

His Thy holiness makes known,
In his love outbreaks Thine own,
In his Cross we find Thy Throne.

Here, O Father, grant that we
Evermore ourselves may see
Made at one in him with Thee.

AMBROSE BENNETT.

Lovely, shadowy, soft, and still
Is the eventide.
Ah! if but my heart and will
Evermore might so abide!
God, Thy presence can alone
Make this lovely calm my own.

More Abundant Life.

A SERMON PREACHED AT THE HIGHGATE UNITARIAN CHURCH, LONDON,

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND, M.A.

"I came that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."—JOHN X. 10.

Life seems to be the end of the whole creative process of God.

If we go back in thought to the original fire mist, from which scientists tell us that our world and the system to which it belongs were evolved, we find no life. We find only matter and motion. But that motion means that a journey is beginning. A journey whither? Towards what goal? If we could have stood by and looked on then we could not have answered—because the goal was so entirely hidden and so very far off. But now we can see what the goal was. It was life.

The first form of life reached was very low and crude and feeble. Where it came from we do not know. How it came we do not know, as we do not know the origin of matter, or motion, or force. About all we are able to see at so great a distance back is that it seems in some way to have come by the path of evolution. But it came, and its coming marked an

era inconceivably great and momentous in the history of our system.

Once here, life began unfolding. From the very simplest forms it slowly grew more complex. From the lowest forms—so low as to be hardly distinguishable from non-life—it gradually rose to forms higher and higher. The great new rising tide early separated into two main divisions, vegetable and animal. Each of these proceeded still further to divide and sub-divide, and to develop into types and sub-types, each perfected in its own particular directions, until in the course of ages, whose number it is idle to guess, the world came to be enriched by all the varied and wonderful flora and fauna, all the forms of vegetable and animal life, that we see on its surface to-day, the culmination of all being man—man erect in posture, man possessed of a hand that is the most wonderful of mechanical instruments, of a brain relatively the largest and most perfect in nature, and a mind that lifts him up into dominion over all other forms of life, and into kinship with the Creative Mind.

Nor did the development of life cease when man was reached. For man himself was to be perfected. In the new-born babe the stream of life starts in a tiny rill. In childhood it is a brook; in youth a strong stream; in manhood and womanhood a river. But rivers differ; so do the volume and strength of men's lives. There is a factor in human life which we all call heredity. What does heredity mean? It means the difference in the fountains from which our lives spring. A stream of water may issue from a copious and clear fountain, so high up in the mountains as to give it swiftness and momentum: or it may start in a feeble, intermittent and impure spring, and so low down that it can only creep sluggishly on its way. The same is true of human lives. Hence the value of being well born.

There is a not less important factor in life which we call environment. What does that mean? It means the difference in those conditions, associations and forces around us, as we go through the world, which tend to add to or draw from our life's stream. Rivers may flow through a desert, and become gradually absorbed in the arid barrenness around them, until, like the Abana and Pharpar of Syria, from noble streams they die into nothingness. While, on the other hand, streams less strong in their beginnings, may flow through fertile lands, where they are fed by rains and snows and incoming tributaries, and thus widen and deepen as they advance. Precisely so it is with human beings. Desert environments may bring noble lives to little or nothing, while helpful environments may build up lives of limited original endowments into success and usefulness, increasing as the years go on.

What is education? Rightly understood it is the strengthening and enlargement of life. How broad should be the scope of education? As broad as life. On what should most stress be placed? On those things which are most central in life. Should all education be book education? Yes, if we are to live all our lives in a world made up exclusively of books. No, if we are to live in a world of men and things. Should all education be of the intellect? Yes, if the man is nothing but an intellect. No, if the intellect represents only a single continent of his great nature. If education is to be as broad as life it must include all that promotes life. It must include physical culture, to the end that man's body may be strong, and thus an adequate foundation on which to build the edifice of the spiritual; it should include the intellect-culture, to the end that he may know, and thus gather into his hands the keys of power; it should include conscience-culture, to the end that he may do always the thing that is right; it should include heart-culture, to the end that he may relate himself sympathetically with his fellows, and in loving obedience to his Creator. An education which leaves undeveloped any important part of one's being, but especially the highest, is partial and poor.

Perhaps in the nature of the case the school must concern itself primarily with the intellectual. But if so, how immensely important becomes the church as the only organised instrumentality in society for the promotion of the moral and spiritual! Knowledge and religion are both necessary to life. Knowledge enlarges, but religion is needed to deepen. Knowledge clarifies; religion intensifies. Knowledge illuminates, but religion must come to sweeten, to enrich, to give permanent satisfaction to the soul. In the cold air of

knowledge alone the heart shivers, freezes, dies. Only in religion is there that warmth in which can grow faith, hope, love—all the soul's higher affections, sentiments, and joys.

We all love life. We chase over the world to get a fresh draught from life's cup. The world's greatest hunger is life-hunger.

'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh life, not death, for which we pant,
More life, and fuller, that I want.

We sometimes mistake and measure life by its length—as if mere continuance of existence were life. A better measure is by its breadth, and especially by its depth. Many a short life is very rich, while many a long life is very barren. Quality of life, content of life, perfection of life, wealth of life—these are man's true aim.

Three camels, o'er the desert sands,
Bore travellers from distant lands;
When far domes gleamed through hazy air,
One said: It is a time for prayer.

Alighting, in his camel's shade,
Each bowed him to the earth and prayed;
And each one named his soul's desire
To Him who gave men hearts of fire.

The first one prayed: My purpose bless,
Give this world's honour, its success;
Prolong my days, as I grow old,
Increase my lands, my friends, my gold.

The second said: Forgive my sin,
That I Thy heaven at last may win;
O'er life's last wreck my soul would rise
To walk with Thee in Paradise.

The last one prayed: O, Heart above!
Whose ways are hid, but hid in love,
Give me, through labour, rue, and strife,
To enter deeper into life!

How shallow and trivial is every other prayer that we can offer for ourselves compared with this—that we may "enter deeper into life."

The terrible thing about sin is, it cripples life. It maims the soul, and maims it in the highest part of its nature. It makes the moral man sick and weak, when he ought to be, and might be, well and strong. Men say: Let us indulge our appetites and passions, without control or law, and thus enjoy life to the full. No mistake could be greater. That is the way to make life's fullest enjoyment impossible. Moral health, not moral disease, is what brings happiness. Sin and self-indulgence, and the "sowing of wild oats" mean not richer life, but poorer; not more life, but less.

The value of religion is that it enriches life; and not at the edge, but in the centre; not on the surface, but deep down; not in its chance rills and streams, or words and appearances and casual actions, but at the fountain head of man's purposes, aims, ideals, secret instincts, and desires. It gives men moral incentive, moral motive, moral power. Such life as this renovates society, and lays the only possible foundation that is enduring for states, nations, civilisation.

Jesus said: "I came that they might have life, and might have it more abundantly."

What a mission was that! We can conceive of none higher. If he had come bringing new knowledge to the world, as do our great scientists, that would have been much. If he had come giving clearer intellectual insights and wider philosophical generalisations as do our philosophers, that, too, would have been of great service. But he came with gifts better than either. He came to give a new quickening to man's moral and spiritual life. His ear was ever close to nature, and so by day and night he heard her music. His heart was ever close to his brother, and so he felt the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears, the temptations and struggles of humanity, as his own. His soul was ever close to God, and so the tides of the infinite life swept through him. Hence his power to become a giver of life at its best to his fellow men.

Just as after the long cold and death of winter, in the northern lands, the return of the sun, from his journey to the south, kindles new life everywhere in nature, so the presence of Jesus in Palestine kindled among his followers a new life of hope and faith. And the new life in them spread to others—hope kindled hope, faith kindled faith, courage kindled courage, love kindled love—until there was a springtime of new moral and spiritual life in all that eastern world.

More abundant life is what the world wants to day, as it did 1900 years ago. And we may all have it if we will. The same infinite fountains of life are open for us now that were open in Jesus' day. Jesus himself points the way to them now as he did then. We have seen

that God's whole creative process culminates in life. But it is not life in any of its lower forms. It is life at its highest, richest, best. It is life rising to such moral beauty and perfection as we see in Jesus.

What is the most beautiful thing in all this world? A star? A rose? A sunset? The human form divine? There is something still finer. It is a noble human life.

To the task of helping him to create this supremest beauty God invites you and me.

We talk about art. What is the finest of all fine arts? It is the art of living a true human life.

Who that has visited such noble temples of worship as the great cathedrals of England, or France, or Germany, has not stood long with uncovered head in the presence of those sublime miracles of art? But, St. Paul says, "Ye are God's temples." And think you that temples made with man's hands are worthy to be compared with the living temples of human souls, if those souls are beautified and perfected as souls should be?

Sometimes you have walked through a great sculpture gallery and found a statue from some master's hand, that has seemed to you so beautiful, so lofty, so noble, that you have stood and gazed and gazed, and felt that nothing else could equal it. Yet it is given to fathers and mothers and teachers to carve in the living marble of the young lives in their charge finer statues than ever were cut or ever will be in dead stone.

Sometimes you have read great poems that have thrilled you, and you have thought actual life his nothing equal to these. But you were mistaken. There are poems being lived, alike in palaces and humble cottages, more beautiful than any poem that pen ever wrote. The most exquisite of all the minor poems of Wordsworth, that to Lucy, was lived before it was written. And it is so beautiful in its written form only because the poet was able to make it so true to the beautiful reality of the life.

You have listened to a great symphony sometimes—one of Beethoven's perhaps—and have been so stirred by its movement and so lifted up by its glorious harmonies that you have said, "It is the divinest creation of man." But you were mistaken. There is a symphony that is diviner.

Said one of God's prophets in our day, "I will write me a symphony. It shall be greater than Beethoven's. It shall be greater than organ or orchestra or human voice can express. It shall be a symphony of life. It shall be this: To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, to do all bravely; to wait occasion and never hurry; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common—this shall be my symphony—my symphony of life!"

Did Beethoven ever write anything so great or so fine? Never!

I have asked what is the most beautiful thing in all the world. Do we not have it here? Is it not just this—a human being living his life rationally, simply, nobly, gladly, obediently to God's laws, in harmony with the universe, in peace with himself, in sympathy with his fellows, doing with joy the work which God has given him to do, preferring the things eternal to the things of an hour?

Oh, friends, it is to these high ideals of life that God is for ever calling us. For these Jesus lived and died. In the light of these the noblest men and women of the world have walked. In the name of these churches are built and altars dedicated. As an eternal witness to these religion exists. I believe it is to struggle towards these, and if beaten back, to struggle again, until we attain, that man is in the world.

Edward Rowland Sill, one of the most gifted poet-seers of America, whose genius burnt itself out all too early, has left among his verses an exquisite little poem, which, in half-a-dozen lines, tells us how to make all human life divine:

"Forenoon, and afternoon, and night!—forenoon,
And afternoon, and night!—Forenoon and what!

The empty song repeats itself—No more?
Yea, that is life; make this forenoon sublime,

This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And time is conquered, and thy crown is won."

Letters to a Ministerial Nephew.

I.

ON A CHEERFUL PULPIT.

My dear Bob,—You were indiscreet enough to ask me to send you, whenever I saw occasion, a criticism of your work in the pulpit. Having had the opportunity of hearing you a good many times during the last six months, it is borne in upon me that I ought to respond to your request in the frank spirit, not of a critical but of an appreciative uncle. Bob, my boy, I rejoice to think you have got the making of a preacher in you. I will overlook the overweening confidence of youth which deals with the greatest, most mysterious, and sacredest of subjects with all the ease and confidence of a juggler tossing his balls. I will not pause to question the fitness of a young unmarried man offering advice to mothers on the management of children, nor will I find fault with your light and easy disposal of such cheerful subjects as insanity and suicide. Your views on sociology and the new economics may not commend themselves to some of us oldsters, and it may be questioned whether these deliverances may not in ten years' time cause you to say, "What a raw young cub I was to dogmatise about subjects of which I knew nothing." No, Bob, I will not bring up such things in judgment against you. I am thankful that, in spite of the youthful measles of the pulpit, the root of the matter is in you, and that in your best moments your words are like personal benefits to your hearers, interesting and inspiring the grown folks, and sometimes interesting the children. It is good to see that you spare yourself no trouble in preparation. No one can hear you without feeling your downright earnestness. Moreover, you have not been to college for nothing, and your sermons shew, by many a felicitous phrase and many an apt allusion, that you have a cultured appreciation of books.

But, oh, Bob! Why this ultra seriousness of manner? Why these lugubrious tones? Why these solemn pauses as of the minute bell announcing a death? Naturally, you have some liveliness of disposition, and a fine sense of humour. Why leave all that behind you when you enter the pulpit? In conversation your eyes sparkle, your face is eager, your tones are varied and natural, your laugh is infectious. But, in the pulpit, you are quite another man—assume a professional manner—forget to be natural—and are evidently oppressed with a painful sense of responsibility. You have caught up from somebody the idea that your speech must proceed at a funereal pace, and that to smile in the pulpit would be a clerical crime, even worse than heresy. These things, I know, are rather the fashion among us—I mean in our Free Church pulpits—but it is a fashion to be broken down, for it makes sermons, however earnest and thoughtful, dull and tedious. My dear Robert, don't go into the pulpit as if you were oppressed by an awful burden—(the hop, skip, and jump manner is equally objectionable)—don't think that to be unnaturally solemn is to be impressive; don't slow down your rate of speech until people feel they would like to prick you or administer an electric shock. I sat behind a respected member of your congregation the other day, and heard him exclaim, "Oh! man, do get on." Sermons are solemn things no doubt, and worship is solemn, and it is a solemn thing to live, but we must not be so oppressed by solemnity as to lose all vivacity and briskness; nor strike a gait so deliberate that all show of vigour is lost out of it. A sermon may be a perfect love of a sermon—on paper, with delicate melodies, and architectural effects, and luxuriant church ivies, and yet if it drones on in a slow, solemn, pulpit voice, impressive but eternal, men will say, "I wish our minister knew when to stop." Beware, my son, of that wearisome cadence which repeats itself every two minutes! Beware of monotony! Cultivate a way of sermonising that permits some flexibility and warmth and occasional rapidity of voice. Methodists never preach monotonously. They believe in the solemnities of life as we do; no man can look out on the facts of life and honestly deny forty solemn things; but they believe in forty gracious things and lovely, and believe in them with such heartiness that it keeps their feelings in a shout, with a terrible confusion of all proprieties. But, I believe they are more right than we are. At any rate they understand how to make worship and preaching cheerful—a great instruction. Christianity is

not a Jeremiad—not exactly! Nor is it very monotonous and always solemn. It has its hallelujahs in even greater abundance than its misereres. The God of dooms is also the God of beauty and delight, and if there be much cause for seriousness there is also much cause for rejoicing. Give us, O ye preachers, give us a cheerful pulpit, and *Delenda est cantilena!* which my rusty Latinity translates—down with the affectation of solemnity!

Your affectionate uncle,
THEOPHILUS BROWN.

Biographical Addresses.

By THE LATE REV. DR. SADLER.

JOHN WOOLMAN.

I was led to look into the life and writings of John Woolman through what was said of him in the Diary and Reminiscences of Crabb Robinson, whose attention was called to him by Charles Lamb. It was a great recommendation in my mind that Woolman was a man so much after Charles Lamb's heart; and I wish to make you acquainted with a book, which to me is exceedingly interesting, for it overflows with piety of the simplest, purest, and most practical kind.

John Woolman was an American Quaker, a tailor by trade, but he spent a large portion of his time in labours for the spread of religion. He lived in the last century, having been born in the year 1720.

He tells us that a profound religious impression was produced on him by reading the 22nd Chapter of the Book of Revelation, before he was seven years old. The passage which especially struck him was the following: "He shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb," etc. "In reading this," he says, "my mind was drawn to seek after the pure habitation which I then believed God had prepared for his servants. The place where I sat, and the sweetness that attended my mind, remain fresh in my memory."

An incident which deeply affected him in his childhood was his killing a robin.

From that time he felt that all cruelty towards the lower animals is contrary to religion, for they derive their being from God, and to say that we love God, while we ill-treat any of his creatures, is a contradiction in itself.

And as a thoughtless act of cruelty brought home to him the divine law of goodwill to the lower animals, so a thoughtless act of disobedience brought home to him his duty to his parents.

Afterwards he fell in with companions, who had a bad influence on him, and with whom he associated, as he says, "in that which is the reverse of true friendship." But this did not last long; for a dangerous sickness soon restored him to his former frame of mind. His "heart was tender and often contrite, and universal love to his fellow creatures increased in him." "This," he says, "will be understood by such who have trodden in the same path. Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces, who dwell in true meekness."

His state of mind was a rich source of inward happiness to him; but his peace and joy in believing were still increased by what he felt to be something like a revelation to him, when he was about 27 years old.

We may hardly know how to interpret such a passage as this, but at all events we shall find no difficulty in interpreting the influence of religion on his conduct and character.

And first as to his *trade*. He grew uneasy because his business grew too "cumbersome." It increased every year, and new opportunities of gain opened themselves to him. Not only did he work at his trade, but he also sold various things in connection with it, until "he felt," as he says, "a stop in his mind." He thought a plain way of living best, and feared the effect of what he calls "cumbering affairs." His practice was to sell only those things which were really useful; for he found that when he sold things to please the variety of the people, the effect was a weakening of his own heart.

He said: "Building houses suitable to dwell in, for ourselves and our creatures, preparing clothing suitable for the climate and season, and food convenient, are all duties incumbent on us, and under these general heads are many branches of business, in which we may venture health and life as necessity may require."

One of the things that disturbed him was the

discovery that dyes used in clothing were hurtful to the dyers. His impulse was to give up dyed cloths and wear cloths in their natural colour; but then he knew that this would make him singular, which he thought undesirable. For some time he did not see his way out of the dilemma, and was much exercised in mind; but at length he resolved that the appearance of singularity was the lesser evil of the two, and so he appeared in undyed garments, whatever people might think or say of him.

Contrasting the luxuries and expensiveness of some with the hardships and poverty of others, he regarded the extremes as connected with one another. He thought that we cannot go into superfluities and grasp after wealth without directly or indirectly causing oppression. Large gains become necessary, and labourers are badly paid. Moreover, as much time is devoted to the superfluities, the burden of providing necessities lies more heavily on those who have to bear it. He shrunk from the idea of wearing costly raiment, while those whom he employed had difficulty in keeping out the cold; or of having a sumptuous table, while those whom he employed had scarcely sufficient nourishment to keep up their health and strength. He asked how there could be a kindly feeling between what are called the upper and lower classes, while these contrasts are constantly meeting the eye!

For this and other reasons he came to the conclusion that simple living is a part of true religion. He fully recognized that improvements in outward living should be made, for God has evidently endowed men with gifts to make these improvements; but we should be on our guard against being drawn away from simple habits by the increased powers which are placed in our hands. If we are simple in our habits we are not tempted to run hazards; we may earn what is necessary for ourselves and for being generous to others, without becoming so engrossed in our worldly occupation as to have no leisure for anything else, and without forgetting that there are other parts of our nature which need feeding as well as our bodies.

He said, if men would be content to live simply, there would be less crowding in cities, less traversing of the seas, and more men would be employed in the sweet and wholesome labours of husbandry. "People," he said, "may have no intention to oppress, yet by entering on expensive ways of life their minds may be so entangled therein and so engaged to support expensive customs, as to be estranged from the pure sympathizing spirit." "Seed sown with the tears of a confined oppressed people, harvests cut down by an over-borne discontented reaper, make bread less sweet to the taste of an honest man than that which is the produce or just reward of such voluntary action as is one proper part of the business of human creatures."

We can readily understand how with these views he was affected by what he saw in a visit to England. He tells the prices of things, and the rate of wages, and ejaculates, "O may the wealthy consider the poor!" When he found that there were many children who were not taught even to read, he exclaimed, "May those who have plenty lay these things to heart!" He says, "So great is the hurry in the spirit of this world, that in aiming to do business quickly, and to gain wealth, the creation at this day doth loudly groan. Stage coaches had been introduced in England, but though he wished to visit distant places for missionary purposes, he would never travel by these coaches, for he disapproved of the hard driving of the horses, and it was a case with him not to "lessen that sweetness of life in the animal creation, which the Creator intends for them under our government." Nor, much as he desired to communicate frequently with his home, would he send letters by post, for he would have nothing to do with a method of communication which involved the sufferings of postboys who had to ride long stages on winter nights, and who had occasionally, in very severe weather, been frozen to death.

He quoted with strong approval the saying of one Gilbert Latey: "Fear the Lord, ye men of all sorts, trades, and callings, and leave off all the evil that is in them, for the Lord is grieved with all the evils used in your employments."

(To be concluded in our next.)

To delay to do right is to decide to do wrong. We *do* decide when we delay deciding.

OUR ANCIENT CHAPELS.

X.—Stoke Newington Green.

If Stoke Newington Green can still claim to be one of the most interesting spots in North London, that interest chiefly clings to its Presbyterian Meeting House. It is a square, plain building, of somewhat sombre mien, but for close on two centuries it has gathered within its walls successive generations of joyful worshippers, and echoed to the earnest words of eloquent divines.

The Chapel was built in 1708 by a Dissenter resident, who held copyhold of the land, and it was then rented from him for £10 by the remaining members.

The Trust Deed is quite open, and only dates from 1761. It provides for "the worship of God to be carried on as a majority of the persons usually resorting to such place for the worship of God, and who shall be subscribers of forty shillings yearly to the support thereof, and who shall have been so for the space of one whole year or upwards, shall think fit." Within thirty years the copyhold of the building was purchased by the congregation, and a new Declaration of Trust preserved its open basis. In 1858, it was entirely enfranchised, and in 1860 it was enlarged by the addition of a rounded apse. Historic tablets adorn its walls, two of which deserve conspicuous notice. One is

TO THE MEMORY OF
RICHARD PRICE, D.D., F.R.S.,
TWENTY-SIX YEARS MINISTER OF THIS CHAPEL.

and records his eminent talents of mind and heart as theologian, philosopher, mathematician, friend to freedom, brother of man, and lover of truth as of God. But Dr. Price does not seem to have received due appreciation from the congregation in his time, for, on moving to Hackney in 1770, he confesses that he now repreached to large and delighted audiences sermons which in previous years he had addressed to empty pews.

The other tablet is

IN MEMORY OF
ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD,
DAUGHTER OF JOHN AIKIN, D.D,
AND WIFE OF THE REV. ROCHEMONT BARBAULD,
FORMERLY THE RESPECTED MINISTER OF
THIS CONGREGATION.

and bestows generous praise upon her high gifts of wit, genius, poetic talent, sound reasoning, vigorous understanding, and promotion of civil and religious liberty. It was composed by her eldest nephew, Arthur Aikin, and contributed by her nephew and adopted son, Charles Rochemont Aikin, surgeon.

Amongst the other ministers of this chapel on the Green may be named Hugh Worthington; Dr. Thomas Amory, of the Taunton Academy, who refused to subscribe to the Act of Toleration Articles required from all Nonconformists; Dr. Joseph Towers, who officiated twenty-five years, and was a vigorous writer of books and pamphlets; Dr. Thomas Rees, secretary to the Presbyterian Board for twenty-eight years, and also of "The Three Denominations" during the last seven years of their united existence; Dr. Nathaniel Phillips, who, after a short pastorate, ministered at the Upper Chapel, Sheffield; and Dr. Thomas Cromwell, who brought about a revival, and maintained a helpful activity for a quarter of a century. The present minister, the Rev. William Wooding, B.A., has given eighteen years service already to the little community, and, owing to a bye-law of the constitution requiring his annual election, receives a yearly vote of confidence from his attached congrgation.

F. K. F.

R. L. Stevenson on "Resignation.'

There is a very irreligious way of talking about resignation. Men have troubles, cares and disappointments, and instead of searching for the hidden drop of honey in these things, the secret ministry of blessing they contain, they school themselves into what they call resignation; and there are resigned people who are the most uncomfortable companions in the world. The true Christian method of treating sorrow is not resignation but transformation, so to treat it that it becomes a source of enriching and hope. The virtue of resignation is sometimes no virtue at all. We sing it into songs that sound pious, and feel as if we were comforted when their barren words fall upon us.

> Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,
> Beyond the clouds is the sun still shining.
> Thy fate is the common fate of all,
> Into each life some rain must fall;
> Some days must be dark and dreary.

This means (if it be not going too far to seek a meaning in what is perhaps meant for mere sentimentality), that there is nothing to do on rainy days but to sit still and be drenched till it clears up. And this men call resignation! It is nothing of the kind. It is little more than the dogged and sullen yielding of a brute to a burden he cannot escape. Such a man has never learnt the profound philosophy of the Psalmist who, speaking about men who have to pass through the vale of misery, says that "they use it for a well." This is something better than the common notion of resignation. It is the resolve to make our sorrow minister in some way to our welfare. A man finds in the valley of life all the circumstances of pain, suffering, poverty, sickness, bereavement. What is to be his attitude? That of silently bearing what must be borne until he wears that most irritating air, the air of a martyr? No, he is to rule these things, not be ruled by them. He is to practice a divine chemistry—transmutation. These things are not simply to be endured, they are to be made elements of fine character, not cramping and restricting the soul, but giving it sweetness, power, and larger scope.

> The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
> Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.
> Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
> As they draw near to their eternal home.

Unfortunately there are those for whom the sorrows of life do not mean either resignation or transmutation, but only fierce complaint and rebellion. They are in a state of revolt against the trouble that has fallen upon them. Why should they be stricken down with sickness? How unjust is God to bring them into such trouble! How cruelly they are treated when dear ones die! Why should they be singled out for great misfortune? How can God be good and allow such cares and griefs to darken their lot? How unfeeling is Providence to make them suffer so keenly! And some of them take up with pessimism and become cynical, while others irritate themselves into complaining of the injustice of things in general.

It is not much use arguing with these people. It may be more to the purpose to get them to read Robert Louis Stevenson's letters and the story of his life. That great writer and novelist, whose career was cut short at 43, when his powers were at their best, never knew a day's good health in all his life. A sickly child, he was reared with the greatest difficulty. Weakness of internal organs soon appeared. His childhood was in reality a very troubled experience, full of fevers, nightmare, insomnia,

painful days and interminable nights. Arrived at manhood he knocked at death's door a score of times. He did a great part of his best work lying on his back in bed. Sometimes for days and weeks and months he was forbidden to speak at all or above a whisper lest he should break another blood-vessel. He could not live in England, tried Davos, the Riviera, America, and finally settled in Samoa as the only place where he could breathe and work with something like comfort. Then at one time he was almost a beggar, reduced to direst straits, and dependent on the kindness of strangers. Yet this life-long sufferer retained through all a bright, cheerful, sunny temper. His natural disposition was to a life of action, adventure, daring, but as Mr. Colvin says of him, "While he was compelled to lead a life irksome to him above all men, the life of the chronic invalid who must be on the watch all day long against every breath of heaven, he bore it with invincible sweetness and patience, and would never allow that he had anything to complain of." His letters to his friends reveal the most astounding good spirits even in the midst of the most painful illnesses, and a delight in life and living such as might put to shame many a healthy grumbler at his fate.

At one time Stevenson's father was much given to fits of melancholy and talked continually of resignation and of the hardships of life. So at Christmas, 1883, in a letter to his parents he writes:—

But I want to lecture my father; he is not grateful enough; he is like Fanny; his resignation is not the "true blue." A man who has gained a stone; whose son is better, and, after so many fears to the contrary, I dare to say, a credit to him; whose business is arranged; whose marriage is a picture—what I should call resignation in such a case as his would be to "take down his fiddle and play as lood as ever he could." That and nought else. And now, you dear old pious ingrate, on this Christmas morning, think what your mercies have been; and do not walk too far before your breakfast—as far as to the top of India Street, then to the top of Dundas Street, and then to your ain stair heid; and do not forget that even as *laborare*, so *joculari, est orare*; and to be happy the first to being pious.

His father's melancholy continuing, Stevenson writes in a still more humorous vein to his mother, but with a world of good sense beneath his nonsense:—

My dear Mother,—

I give my father up. I give him a parable: that the Waverley Novels are better reading for every day than the tragic Life. And he takes it backside foremost, and shakes his head, and is gloomier than ever. Tell him that I give him up. I don't want no seech a parent. This is not the man for my money. I do not call that by the name of religion which fills a man with bile. I write him a whole letter, bidding him beware of extremes, and telling him that his gloom is gallows-worthy; and I get back an answer—Perish the thought of it.

Here am I on the threshold of another year, when, according to all human foresight, I should long ago have been resolved into my elements; here am I, who you were persuaded was born to disgrace you—and, I will do you the justice to add, on no such insufficient grounds—no very burning discredit when all is done; here am I married, and the marriage recognised to be a blessing of the first order, A1 at Lloyds. There is he, at his not first youth, able to take more exercise than I at thirty-three, and gaining a stone's weight, a thing of which I am incapable. There are you; has the man no gratitude? There is Smeoroch! Is he blind? Tell him from me that all this is

NOT THE TRUE BLUE.

I will think more of his prayers when I see in him a spirit of praise. Piety is a more childlike and happy attitude than he admits. Martha, Martha, do you hear the knocking at the door? But Mary was happy. Even the shorter Catechism, not the merriest epitome of religion, and a work exactly as pious although not quite so true as the multiplication table—even that dry-as-dust epitome begins with a heroic note. What is man's chief end? Let him study that; and ask himself if to refuse to enjoy God's kindest gifts is in the spirit indicated. Up, Dullard.* It is better service to enjoy a novel than to mump.

A little later on, enumerating all the sicknesses, pains, and broken plans of the past year, and yet how much of good had come to him, he says:—

I am no cultivator of disappointments, 'tis a herb that does not grow in my garden; but I get some good crops both of remorse and gratitude. The last I can recommend to all gardeners; it grows best in shiny weather, but once well grown is very hardy, it does not require much labour; only that the husbandman should smoke his pipe about the flower-pots and admire God's pleasant wonders. Winter Green (otherwise known as Resignation, or the "false gratitude plant") springs in much the same soil; is little hardier, if at all; and requires to be so dug about and dunged that there is little margin left for profit. The variety, known as the Black Winter Green (H.V.—Stevensoniana), is rather for ornament than profit.

John, do you see that bed of resignation?—It's doin' bravely, Sir!—John, I will not have it in my garden; it flatters not the eye and comforts not the stomach; root it out!—Sir, I ha'e seen o' them that rise as high as nettles; gran' plants!—What then? Were they as

* A favourite Skye terrier. Mr. Stevenson was a great lover of dogs.

tall as alps, if still unsavoury and bleak, what matters it? Out with it, then; and in its place put Laughter and a Good Conceit (that capital home evergreen), and a bush of Flowering Piety—but see it be the flowering sort—the other species is no ornament to any gentleman's Back Garden!

And Stevenson, with a delicious touch of humour, signs this letter "JOHN BUNYAN."

Mr. William Archer had published a review of Stevenson's works in which he found fault with their high spirits and general optimism as only possible in a man who had never known sickness, pain, and trouble. Stevenson writing to tell the critic the facts of the case, and to assure him that while himself an invalid his optimism is not an affectation, goes on:—

Can you conceive how profoundly I am irritated by the opposite affectation to my own, when I see strong men and rich men bleating about their sorrows and the burdens of life in a world full of "cancerous paupers," and poor sick children, and the fatally bereaved. Ay, and down even to such happy creatures as myself, who has yet been obliged to strip himself, one after another, of all the pleasures that he had chosen except smoking (and the days of that I know in my heart ought to be over), I forgot eating, which I still enjoy, and who sees the circle of impotence closing very slowly but quite steadily around him? In my view, one dark dispirited word is harmful, a crime of *lesè-humanité*, a piece of acquired evil; every gay, every bright word or picture, like every pleasant air of music, is a piece of pleasure set afloat; the reader catches it, and, if he be healthy, goes on his way rejoicing; and it is the business of Art so to send him as often as possible.

The fact is, consciously or not, you doubt my honesty; you think I am making faces, and at heart disbelieve my utterances. And this I am disposed to think must spring from your not having had enough of pain, sorrow, and trouble in your existence. It is easy to have too much; easy also or possible to have too little; enough is required that a man may appreciate what elements of consolation and joy there are in everything but absolutely over-powering physical pain or disgrace, and how, in almost all circumstances, the human soul can play a fair part. If you have had trials, sickness, the approach of death, the alienation of friends, poverty at the heels and have not felt your soul turn round upon these things, and spurn them under—you must be very differently made from me, and I earnestly believe from the majority of men. But, at least, you are in the right to wonder and complain.

And here we come to the division: not only do I believe that literature should give joy, but I see a universe, I suppose, eternally different from yours; a solemn, a terrible, but a very joyous and noble universe, where suffering is not at least wantonly inflicted, though it falls with dispassionate partiality, but where it may be, and generally is, nobly borne; where, above all (this I believe, probably you don't, I think with cancer, he may) any brave man may make out a life which shall be happy for himself, and, by so being, beneficent to those about him. And if he fails, why should I hear him weeping? I mean if I fail, why should I weep? Why should you hear me? Then to me morals, the conscience, the affections, and the passions are, I will own frankly and sweepingly, so infinitely more important than the other parts of life, that I conceive men rather triflers who become immersed in the latter; and I will always think the man who keeps his lips stiff, and makes "a happy fireside clime," and carries a pleasant face about to friends and neighbours, infinitely greater (in the abstract) than an atrabilious Shakespeare, or a backbiting Kant or Darvin. No offence to any of these gentlemen, two of whom probably (one for certain) came up to my standard.

Is not that thoroughly sane and healthy, beautifully human and Christian? If any man might have been excused for thinking hardly of life it was Stevenson. Yet see the unconquerable cheerfulness, the radiant hopefulness, the serene patience, the noble trust of the man. It is a picture and a story better than a hundred sermons! He knew with the apostle how to "rejoice always." It was not that he cast his faith and hope forward to the sunshine, gladness and peace of some future heaven, but then and now he had the grace and happiness and the temper which can make "sunshine in a shady place."

An Easter Carol.

Spring bursts to-day,
For it is risen and all the earth's at play.

Flash forth thou Sun,
The rain is over and gone, its work is done.

Winter is passed,
Sweet spring is come at last, is come at last,

Bud, fig, and vine,
Bud, olive, fat with fruit and wine.

Break forth this morn
In roses, thou but yesterday a thorn.

Uplift thy head,
O pure, white lily, through the winter dead.

Beside your dams,
Leap and rejoice, you merry-making lambs.

Sing, creatures, sing,
Angels and men and birds and everything.

All notes of doves
Fill all our world, this is the time of loves.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Unprofessional Tramping.

We have never been able satisfactorily to account for the fact that in the athletic England of to-day walking for recreation should find so little favour. Very odd excuses for not caring about what is agreed to be, notwithstanding its apparently tame character, the most perfect form of bodily exercise, are given by men who, at two very beautiful and suitable seasons of the year—namely, just before and just after summer—having no opportunities for hunting, shooting, or fishing, and being past football, do little but long for the next cricket match, or rowing season. "What's the fun of trudging, when you can ride? 'Haven't been accustomed to it, and couldn't keep it up. Beastly slow work," and so on. Vainly has the writer held up attractive pictures, drawn from his walking experiences in many lands of the splendid physical satisfaction derived therefrom, of the odd-and-end knowledge picked up, of the little episodes and adventures which keep things lively, of the pleasure of treading unbeaten tracks, and of exploring human and natural worlds, which, although they often lie at our very doors, are as often quite *terræ incognitæ*; and above all, of the glorious independence of the pedestrian. At the most, he has extracted half-promises to "have a shot at it," and very little more.

My memories of pedestrian expeditions extend over a large and varied tract of country, and are of a pleasant character; and such as are not vividly impressed on my mind are to be found in the pages of some score of battered, travel-worn, weather-stained sketch-books, the sketch-book being almost as necessary an item of the pedestrian's outfit as a knapsack. I have walked in Japan and China, in Italy, Sicily, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Belgium—not mere before-lunch walks, be it understood, but good honest tramps, extending in some cases over a week. But one turns naturally first to the mother-country, and what there is to be seen, and even discovered, in the mother-country by men who ever fly abroad at the first opportunity, can only be satisfactorily proved by the pedestrian. A very good rule, I have found in planning a walking tour, is to have some other object in view than the mere accomplishment within a certain time of a certain distance, or even than the fixing of certain points to be attained. Trace the course of an old road, be it a Roman via, or a British trackway, or a pilgrim path; tread in the footsteps of a favourite author, who has immortalised certain scenes; accompany Charles Dickens in Kent, or Mr. Blackmore, or Charles Kingsley in Devonshire, or be with Sir Walter Scott, or George Eliot, or Henry Fielding—do anything, in fact, to give a zest to the journey; but merely to jot down a lot of towns and villages, and arrange to reach them at certain times, regardless of attraction by the road, as is the too common fault of bicyclists at home and tourists abroad, will more than account for the stern, business-like expression on the faces of so many of the former, and of the air of listless boredom or frantic haste exhibited by the latter.

Make one of these ideas but an excuse for taking a certain line of country, and it is remarkable how many additional and unexpected attractions crop up during the journey. Inspiration to carry out these ideas generally comes when least expected. A casual allusion to Thomas-à-Becket induced the writer to take one of the pleasantest tramps he can recall. It was not along the old road, followed by the immortal pilgrims of Chaucer, but along an obscure, little-known track used by the pilgrims from the North and the Midlands, and which, after the lapse of so many years, is still known as "The Old Pilgrims." It enters Kent at Tatsfield above Westerham, proceeds across Chevening Park to Otford, by Kemsing, Snodland, Boxley, and Harrietsham, to the "little village of Charing," whence it is traceable by Eastwell Park and Wye into Canterbury. The path, in some places barely discernible, in others a good high road, follows the line of ancient yew-trees dotted along the hill-sides above it, rarely touches towns and villages, and is not only beautiful in itself, but abounds with objects of romantic and historic interest. Its length is about forty-four miles, and it can be comfortably done in two days, making Charing the halting-place.

The perusal of "Great Expectations" brought about an exploration of that little-known corner Kent, north of Rochester, known as "No Man's Land," whence the walk may he extended round the Isle of Sheppey into Faversham; whilst "Pickwick" and "Edwin Drood" suggest Rochester and its neighbourhood.

A conversation about smuggling took me down to Hythe, whence was made a two days' exploration of that quiet, solitary region of Romney Marsh, all about which are interesting relics of the days of the Cinque Ports' grandeur, in the shape of old towns long deserted by the sea; returning Londonwards by the smuggler's road to Tunbridge, by Cranbrook and Gondhurst.

Surrey is a better-known region; but there are many men to whom that exquisitely beautiful line of breezy commons, dotted with picturesque old villages, which runs at the foot of the range of hills, broken by Reigate, Dorking, and Guildford, is familiar, who do not know that on the Sussex border there is a part of sequestered Surrey, stretching between Oxtead and Farnham, which is well worthy of a two days' walk, the halfway point being Ockley on the old Roman Stone Street.

Of Sussex, a beautiful and interesting county, little is known beyond the driving radii of its great watering-places; yet in Sussex there are at least three good walks which repay trouble. West Sussex may be conveniently explored in two days, by starting from Haslemere and working down by Midhurst, Petworth, and Pulborough to Storrington; and upon the next day by West Grinstead and Balcombe to East Grinstead. Sufficient of East Sussex may be seen, also in two days, by starting from East Grinstead, proceeding through the heart of the seat of the once famous Sussex iron industry, full of quaint places, which still retain to a surprising extent the customs and traditions of former days, through Fletching and Isfield to East Hoathley, working up the next day by Chiddingley, Warbleton, Heathfield, and Mayfield to Crowborough Cross.

Just as "Great Expectations" and "Pickwick" suggested Kentish walks, as "Lorna Doone" and "Westward Ho!" took me to North Devon, so did "Nicholas Nickleby" send me away far north to Barnard Castle, on the borders of Durham and Yorkshire. Equally with Dickens is Sir Walter Scott associated with Barnard Castle; and there are few better centres for pedestrian exploration than the quaint old Durham town on the Tees, around which cling so many memories of Rokeby, of Master Humphrey the Clockmaker, and of Wackford Squeers. The twenty-five mile walk into Barnard Castle from the city of Durham is during its latter half interesting and beautiful; but the first ten miles run through a country of coal-pits and their grim surroundings. All around Barnard Castle there are interesting goals for the pleasure tramp. The road by Egglestone Abbey and through Rokeby Park leads us to the village of Greta Bridge, on a branch of the old Watling Street, thence we pass along a deserted, lonely road, running straight, as it was built by the Roman engineers, into Bowes. Here is Dotheboys' Hall, the last and the pleasantest-looking house in the village, access to which must be gained by stratagem, for the Bowes people do not revere the memory of Charles Dickens, and declare that his successful crusade against the Yorkshire schools ruined their town, whereas in reality the railway ruined it, by driving off the road the dozen mail coaches which used to change horses at the "Unicorn" daily, on their way to and from Scotland.

The lover of wild scenery may continue on along the old Roman road, past Spittal, where was enacted the tragedy of the "Hand of Glory," up to that lonely monument amidst the remains of the Roman Camp on the summit of Stanemore, which anciently marked the boundary of the kingdoms of England and Scotland, and now that of the counties of Yorkshire and Westmoreland, and return over the wild solitary moorland, or go on to Brough.

A well-filled sketch-book reminds me of two most enjoyable expeditions I made along the course of the Roman wall from coast to coast; and to the man who does not mind a little rough work, no more pleasant and interesting fields for exploration can be recommended. I have traversed these mighty relics both from West to East, and from East to West, and I unhesitatingly recommend the latter course, for the reason that the interest increases as one advances. As, after the first twenty miles from Newcastle, there is but little road-work, but an alternate scrambling up and down rocky hills, and crossing fields, and as there is so much interest, which must on no account be missed, off the actual line of the wall—Hexham and Brampton towns, Lanercost Priory and Naworth Castle, *inter multis aliis*—six days cannot be considered too much in order to explore conscientiously from Newcastle-on-Tyne to Bowness, on

the Solway, although the distance is but seventy-five miles.

Types of Service.

IV.—THE TEACHER.

There is a psalm—the thirty-second—which St. Augustine is said to have had written on the wall over against his sick bed when he was dying. It is a story of confession followed by forgiveness, and ends with a double contrast between force and counsel, submission and obedience: "Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule; I will guide thee with mine eye." Guidance with the eye is an expression which very happily describes both the character of the Teacher and the nature of the service which he renders.

The Jewish teacher was once held in such high honour that he was addressed with titles of peculiar respect, and was the most prominent figure in all public ceremonies; his work was felt to be so exalted, so full of reward in itself, so beyond valuation, that money-payment, it was thought, could not with propriety either be offered or received. With us, on the other hand, the teacher's calling, in its lower grades, was once little esteemed, was thought to be that which any one might take in hand, but no one would choose, was grudgingly rewarded because little was expected in return. Teaching is now, to a great extent, a branch of the public service; it is itself taught, and taught as a science; it is recognised as that play of mind on mind, of character on character, the moulding of one personality by another; taste, habit, talent, conscience itself, wait for its awakening touch, and the wonder is, not that the teaching profession is now ennobled, but that there are barriers of social indifference towards teaching, and of social aloofness from the teacher, still to be broken down. Bad traditions die hard, and we do not know how bad they are until they are dead.

Every life has its pathos, and the teacher's life is not the least pathetic. He is a sower who goes often over the same ground, and never from end to end of any furrow, and always with uncertainty of promise and reward. This sowing in hope would of itself distinguish this type of service, and mark it off from those which aim at immediate effect. But it differs from those we have been examining mostly in this, that its action is in a higher degree moral action, its influence is largely the influence of character. The teacher's guidance, if he is worthy to be a guide, is the guidance of the eye. The eye is the highest organ of the will—higher than the hand, higher even than the voice; through the eye the mind looks and holds sway; to govern with a look is the perfection of government. The eye has a power with which no other can be compared: a power of revelation, a power also of appeal. Through the eye the child reads the mind of the teacher, the teacher reaches the heart of the child. Moral suasion is, in its outward expression, conspicuously the suasion of the eye, the drawing out of trust by assuring look, the winning of assent through affection. This is the teacher's art, if it be an art, in its highest perfection — persuasion, at once nobler and more powerful than force, or threat, or legal compulsion. In our good endeavours we are often too ready either to scold or to bribe. "We persuade men," says the apostle, making the teacher's mission his own. The teacher is a guide; he knows the way, its difficulties, how much to expect, when to urge and when to wait, and, only where he has power to lead, claims the right to be obeyed.

As sympathetic guidance is the highest form of human service, so is it a likeness of that method by which we are divinely schooled and led. There is a rebellious instinct which, like that of horse and mule, must be held with bit and bridle, but only where there is "no understanding" is there, with God, any forcing of the will. He also educates, and the whole process of human knowledge and human discipline is education: "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye." It is strange, then, that the words most in use for God's will and man's obedience are words of compulsion rather than that of instruction. "Laws," "judgments," "statutes," "commandments," do not completely interpret the divine will; there is another vocabulary in scripture from which we would do well to draw some of our terms. Upon the psalmist dawned the thought of that silent appeal to heart, to conscience, to intelligence,

which lies in the glance of the teacher's eye. God teaches his children, explains His meaning to them, makes rules and regulations which they may use to their own benefit, sets them lessons for their own enlightenment, gives them leave to prove and verify everything that they are taught, and asks for nothing so much as that they should seek His face when they are at a loss, and be guided thereby. He would rule us always with a look, if we would heed.

E. P. Barrow.

New Spheres of Church Activity.

The parochial system is in full operation at Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham. About 3000 homes of the poor people who comprise the majority of the inhabitants of the central part of the city are regularly visited every month by a band of helpers. An example of the influence thus created is seen in connection with the recent election of a member of the Board of Guardians. Three candidates were nominated, a member of the Established Church, a Roman Catholic priest, and a lady actively associated with Carr's Lane Chapel. At the close of the election, it was found that this lady had polled as many votes as the other candidates combined. The Carr's Lane workers appear to have grasped the fact that the only way to get hold of the people is to visit them in their homes, and they are exerting an influence with the mothers and helping them to realise the advantages of cleanliness. One great difficulty, however, is that many of the people are living under such conditions that they have no chance of keeping themselves clean, and to meet the case of such the Baths Committee of the City Council have been approached by the chapel authorities, who have been granted special tickets, scores of which are sold every week by the visitors, enabling any who desire it to have a hot bath for a penny, including the use of soap. As the outcome of this, a large swimming club is in course of formation, half of whose members obtain a living as flower girls on the city streets. It has been found that many of the people visited are lamentably deficient of even the most elementary knowledge of cooking. Mr. Jowett has persuaded his deacons to fit a cooking-stove on the chapel premises, and a qualified lady has undertaken to give instruction to the women of the neighbourhood in the preparation of simple dishes. A lady doctor has promised to teach home nursing, how to make poultices, &c. It has been found that some who suffer from defective sight have not the wherewithal to provide themselves with spectacles, but the need has been met by the establishment of a spectacle club. A method of teaching the spendthrift how to save has also been adopted, and much other good work has been done in the interests of the poor people of Carr's Lane parish.

Our Oxford Letter.

Manchester College,
March 9th, 1900.

A very successful and enjoyable term is rapidly drawing to a close, and next week will see the various members of the college scattered for the Easter vacation, and having a well earned rest.

The college life has fulfilled the promise of the commencement of the session. The residence scheme continues to give entire satisfaction, and the various societies are in a vigorous condition.

The Martineau Club has met twice. At the first meeting, Mr. J. Vernon Bartlett, M.A., of Mansfield College read a very instructive paper on the origin of the Book of Acts to a good gathering of the club, and a discussion followed, which was mainly confined to the more learned members of the society. At the second meeting, Professor J. E. Odgers gave an extremely interesting paper on "The growth of the appreciation of natural beauty," tracing its development through various systems of thought from ancient to modern times.

The students gave an invitation to Mansfield College to dinner followed by a smoking concert. The invitation was accepted, and resulted in a very enjoyable evening.

The Mansfield men returned our hospitality in due course, with equally satisfactory results, and on both occasions theological differences, viewed through the tranquilising mists of smoke, were seen in their true proportions, and were relegated to their proper position—in the back-ground!

Professor Carpenter has been giving a course of Sunday evening lectures on the Old Testament, and these services, which are a new departure, have been well attended. We have also had a brilliant lecture from Professor Royce, of Harvard, on "Some Conceptions of Immortality," while Professor Odgers has given three public lectures on "Subscription in the 17th Century," and Rev. W. Copeland Bowie has given the Tate lectures this term. Mr. Bowie's extremely wide experience on all matters connected with the practical work of the ministry, and his intimate acquaintance with the inner working of our churches, have made his lectures most valuable, and we have all followed them with the greatest interest.

E. S. H.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

From R. L. Stevenson's "Garden of Verses."

YOUNG NIGHT THOUGHTS.

All night long and every night,
When my mamma puts out the light,
I see the people marching by
As plain as day before my eye.

Armies and emperors and kings,
All carrying different kinds of things,
And marching in so grand a way,
You never saw the like by day.

So fine a show was never seen
At the great circus on the green;
For every kind of beast and man
Is marching in that caravan.

At first they move a little slow,
But still the faster on they go,
And still beside them close I keep
Until we reach the town of sleep.

MY SHADOW.

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nurse as that shadow sticks to me.

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

BED IN SUMMER.

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

WHOLE DUTY OF CHILDREN.

A child should always say what's true,
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table;
At least as far as he is able.

FOREIGN LANDS.

Up into the cherry-tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass,
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping into town.

If I could find a higher tree,
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships.

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy land;
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN.

Children, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,
And content with simple diet;
And remain, through all bewild'ring,
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly,
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
Theirs is quite a different story!

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gabies,
Hated as their age increases
By their nephews and their nieces